

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

FALSE APPEARANCES.

IN the year 1764, a distinguished Highland regiment was quartered in Liverpool. Amongst the subalterns were reckoned the Hon. A. G—, and Mr. D. C—; the former was the son of the Earl of A—, a Scotch peer, the latter was of humble parentage, the younger son of an industrious tenant of the nobleman just mentioned. While yet in infancy, young C. had by some accident attracted the notice of the noble earl, who, having inquired into the circumstances of the child's father, learnt that he was a most deserving man, that he had been left a widower two years before, with a family of six children, of whom the boy in question was the youngest. The earl immediately proposed charging himself with the care and education of his little favourite, and his future fortunes; an offer which, (as will readily be believed) was joyfully and gratefully accepted by the father.

Young C. became from that moment an inmate of G. castle, and the companion and fellow-student of Lord M. and the Hon. A. G., the earl's sons. Between the latter and C. a warm friendship was early discovered. We shall pass over the period of their boyhood and education, and come at once to that when the choice of a profession was offered by the earl of A. to his younger son. The military one was that which the spirited young Scot selected; on one condition, however, that his friend C. should receive a pair of colours in the same regiment with himself. To this the earl readily agreed, declaring that his son had only anticipated his intention. The commissions were procured, and the friends bade adieu to the castle of G., the earl having first settled upon C. an annuity sufficient, with his pay, to enable him to rank with his brother officers.

For a considerable length of time they continued inseparable; the remittances were

made to G. by his father, which he regularly divided with his friend. The officers of the regiment were, for the most part, sons of noble or ancient Scottish families, and inherited, with the pride of their ancestry, all that hauteur and contempt for their inferiors in blood which distinguished the Scottish aristocracy of that day. In the eyes of these arrogant young men, the humble birth of C. appeared a complete disqualification to hold society or mess with them, but they were obliged to submit to what they held an indignity, the lieutenant-colonel, who was in command of the regiment, having risen from the ranks, and therefore not being likely to second or approve the suggestions of their pride. C's. reputation for personal courage—the partiality of the lieutenant colonel, and the brotherly regard of “the Honourable lieutenant G.” protected him from direct insult; notwithstanding which his arrogant comrades contrived to render his life sufficiently unpleasant, displaying their contumely in every way possible, without absolutely committing themselves. He had been compelled, nevertheless, to prove on more than one occasion, that the motto of his country could be applied to himself with as much truth as to the proudest of his compeers. Unknown to him, G. had also been obliged to testify his friendship, by calling to account one or two of those haughty youths, who, in his presence, had spoken disrespectfully of his absent friend, C.

Matters remained thus, when G. received a summons to attend his father, the earl, in London. Previous to his departure from Liverpool he divided with C. his stock of money, assured him that he would regularly supply him with the instalments of his allowance, without which he knew it would be impossible for him to hold his place at the mess, or his rank in that respectable though expensive regiment, besought him to apply to him in any emergency for what further sums he might have occasion for, and, after an affectionate adieu, the two friends separated for the first time.

G. reached London, where he mixed with all the great and the gay, and almost necessarily engaged in all the pleasures and dissipations of the metropolis. For some time

he wrote and remitted to his friend C. with punctuality, but fell at length into the vice of gaming, and in one night was stripped of all the money he possessed, including his own and C.'s allowance for the ensuing year. Distracted, he applied to his father's agent for a fresh supply, obtained in anticipation another year's allowance, lost it also, and, in addition, other very large sums, for which he was threatened with exposure. In this state of mind he received a letter from C. entreating him to send him by return of post his half-year's annuity. Unable to comply, and ashamed to acknowledge the truth, he did not answer C.; other letters from C. of similar import followed; these he also suffered to remain unanswered, or burned them without reading. Amongst those which met the latter fate, was one in which C. expressed himself in these words: "You cannot conceive to what indignities I am subjected, by the disappointment in receiving the stipend your noble father had the goodness to settle upon me. The truth begins to be suspected; and, in addition, your silence gives my enemies reason to believe that I have lost your friendship, and that of your family. Should I not receive the expected sum by return of post, I must relinquish my place at the mess. What a triumph it will afford to those I have alluded to! I should be uneasy at your silence, lest it might proceed from illness, did I not see daily in the London newspapers, which we receive regularly, an account of your being at parties, the opera—in the park, &c. Do then, my dear friend, let me hear from you immediately." Having destroyed, without perusing this letter, G. was spared the pain it would have caused him; but he suffered pangs no less torturing. The non-arrival of the remittance obliged C. to secede from the mess; and from this moment he ceased to be acknowledged by any officer, save the lieutenant-colonel already mentioned.

At this juncture, General W—— arrived in Liverpool, being on a tour of inspection; and C.'s regiment was reviewed with the others stationed in that town and district. After the review, General W. invited all the officers to dinner; of course all accepted the invitation, and it was C.'s lot to sit next the general. The dinner passed off most agreeably; and the general being a man of convivial habits, kept his guests till a late hour. When about to take leave of them, the general suddenly missed his watch—searched all his pockets—the chairs and tables were removed—it was no where to be found. The general expressed his regret, the watch being not only intrinsically valuable, but had been a present to his father from the Duke of Marlborough. It was at length agreed that some of the waiters must have stolen it, and they were

about to be called in for examination, when the lieutenant colonel of C.'s regiment reminded the general of his having had it after the waiters had all retired. This excited new surprise, and C.'s brother officers began to look at him and each other significantly, he having sat next the general. After some private conference, one of them who had been always foremost in prosecuting C., proposed that every one in the room should be searched. At this proposal C. changed colour, and became much agitated, which was not lost upon his enemies, but stimulated them to press the scrutiny. The proposal was accepted by all except C.; the officers prepared to undergo the search, when, perceiving that, instead of opening his dress, C. buttoned it up more closely, the officers already mentioned whispered one or two more, and they approached C. with a menace of searching him by force. C. rushed to where his sword hung, drew it, and declared he would prevent their intention while he had life, and swore to stab the first and every man who should attempt to lay hands upon him; he added, however, the most solemn assurance of his innocence. The officers drew their swords, and pressed on, and C. was preparing to kill or be killed, when the general interposed, and commanded all to desist. He said there was a possibility that the lieutenant colonel might have been mistaken—wished them all a good night, exacting a pledge that nothing further should be done or said in the affair, retired, and all separated with a firm conviction of C.'s guilt.

When undressing, the general felt what appeared to be a lump in his ham; on examination, it proved to be his watch; the fob had been ripped, and the watch slipped down between the lining and his breeches. When his joy on recovering it had subsided, the general felt considerable surprise at the conduct of C. who had exposed himself to the suspicion of theft, which he could have removed by submitting to the proposed search. It appeared so unaccountable, that the general sent for C., and, after acquainting him with the finding of his watch, and apologising for the trouble he had caused, and the suspicion he acknowledged to have felt, asked of C. an explanation, adding, that he must have important reasons for his conduct.

C., deeply affected, entered into the recapitulation of what the reader has been acquainted with, up to his withdrawing from the mess, dwelling particularly upon the persecution he had suffered from his high-born comrades. "Finding it impossible," said he, "to continue a member of the mess, without the aid of that allowance which had been heretofore remitted me punctually; ignorant of the cause of my friend's silence;

and not wishing to involve him unpleasantly by writing to his father, if the delay originated with him, I withdrew from the mess. I also feared that the earl of A. might have determined to withhold the allowance in future, and therefore resolved to regulate my expenditure by my sole income—my pay as lieutenant, which I need not inform you, sir, is quite insufficient to meet the expenses of dress, appointments, and mess. From that day I have practised, without a murmur, the strictest frugality. My custom is to purchase at night, (in undress) my provisions for the ensuing day. When our regiment marched to the review yesterday, I could not anticipate the honour you conferred upon me, and had actually my dinner in my pocket. Recollecting all I have told you, what would have been my feelings had my persecutors succeeded in thus publicly exposing my poverty? How could I have encountered the sneers and unceasing derision with which I should be tortured, had they discovered to what an extreme of indigence I had been reduced! Behold, sir, the secret I would have preserved with my life!" He then, bathed in tears, while his cheek was suffused with a crimson glow, drew from his pocket the half of a small brown loaf, and a morsel of cheese.

Deeply affected, the general seized his hand, again apologized for all the pain he had caused him, compelled him to accept of a sum adequate to his immediate wants, and next day assembled the officers of C.'s regiment—declared him his *protégé*—desired that he would resume his place at the mess—became his guest at it that day, and pledged himself (in private) to C. to protect and patronise him whilst he had life, in atonement for the sufferings he had so unintentionally caused him.

G. shortly after becoming possessed of the means, paid his play debts, flew to the regiment and his friend; confessed all; and, adding his father's to general W.'s interest, obtained C. a company in another regiment, into which he also exchanged himself, and the two friends were recently living, after having each obtained the highest rank in their profession. Reader! trust not to appearances.

THE FALL OF USBEK.

THE hand of munificence had poured on the head of Usbek all the blessings which this world can bestow. Abbas, the mighty sovereign of the east, before whose throne the world pays homage, had made him governor of a region beauteous as Paradise, and fertile above all others. Nothing was wanting to complete his felicity but the inward serenity of conscious virtue—the soft whispers of the angel of peace. Usbek,

amidst the glare of magnificence and pomp of power, was a prey to the violence of ungovernable passions. The glittering pinnacles of ambition dazzled the eyes of his frailty; he viewed the summit with exultation, and thirsted with insatiable desire of arbitrary sway. The power of subduing temptation became less in proportion as he viewed the prospect of success, till at length he resolved, by whatever means, to gratify his criminal propensity. Impelled by some evil genius, he raised the hand of rebellion against the life of that sovereign who had exalted him to dignity and honour, and seated himself on the throne of his power. The soul of Usbek was now flattered by the adulation of the object; the proud were humbled in the dust before him, and the sovereigns of mighty kingdoms paid homage at his feet. The arrow of affliction had not yet wounded his bosom, and he exulted in the grandeur which surrounded him: but short are the triumphs of iniquity; they pass away like the shaft that flieth in the dark, and are seen no more. The transitory gratification of despotic power became familiar by habit, and the former perturbation of his mind returned. He was sitting alone in one of the apartments of his seraglio, and arraigned the justice of Providence as envying him the happiness he so eagerly sought. The past afforded no consolation; the present was without enjoyment; and the future without hope. Such was the situation of Usbek, when one of his slaves, with all the marks of frenzy and despair, rushed into the apartment, and exclaimed, "Pardon, mighty Sultan of the East, the liberty of thy slave: thy favourite Roxana!"—"Presumptuous wretch!" cried Usbek, in all the bitterness of anger, "who thus unbidden durst"—He could say no more; rage stopt his utterance; when stamping his foot on the ground, the ministers of his will appeared before him. "Drag hence," said he, "that victim of my displeasure, and let him suffer the punishment due to his temerity." They had no sooner obeyed his mandate, than sudden darkness surrounded him, and an awful voice thundered from the cloud that caused it, "Usbek, hitherto thou hast lived for thyself alone! Thou hast sacrificed the Sultan thy master to the insatiable lust of power, and now thou condemnest thy servant without cause. But know, that the decrees of heaven are not to be infringed to gratify the caprice of a tyrant; and that the weakness of mortality must necessarily be crushed when it stands in opposition to the arm of Omnipotence. Thou hast broken through the order of nature by aspiring to that throne which was designed for another; that throne, therefore, which thou hast unjustly usurped, has proved the source of perpetual disappointment. It is still in thy power to repent; profit by the precious op-

portunity, and beware lest that Being, who by a single beam of his effulgence irradiates the universe, involve thee in that abyss of misery where thy torments shall increase to all eternity, and aggravated horrors reduce thee to endless despair!"

As soon as the first emotions of terror and astonishment had subsided, Usbek, struck with sudden remorse, rushed forth in order to prevent the execution of his command. But it was too late; the vital spark, which no violence can extinguish, had flown for ever. The Sultan therefore returned to his apartment in gloomy disappointment; and, throwing himself on a sofa, again mused on the wretchedness of his condition. "What then," exclaimed he, "availeth the power of Usbek, if he may not, without reproof, sacrifice the slave who has offended him?" Unable to support the thought, he arose in haste, and entered the apartment of Roxana, in order to drown the recollection of his misery in the society of his favourite Sultana. He had paid no attention to the last word of the slave whom he had sacrificed to his resentment. He therefore, now expected to gratify a passion which he had long restrained. A gleam of hope played around his breast as he entered the apartment; but what were the transports of his rage when he found it deserted! He called the attendants of Roxana with a voice of thunder: they instantly obeyed the summons; and in tears deprecated his wrath, affirming that they knew not what was become of their mistress. Usbek uttered the most horrid imprecations, and threatened to sacrifice them without delay if they did not instantly inform him by what means she had escaped. As they were really ignorant of her flight, their answers were unsatisfactory; and Usbek was about to put his menaces in execution, when he was prevented by a tumult from without, which suspended the effects of his anger. On inquiring the cause, he was informed by Ozim, the vizier, who in vain had sought him in all the apartments of the seraglio, that one of the governors of his provinces had secretly stirred up the people to revolt, and at that moment was attempting to force the gates of the palace. The rage of Usbek was now redoubled, his eyes sparkled with fury, his limbs trembled, and he rushed forward to the gate in all the frenzy of despair. He was scarcely prevented by Ozim from attempting to revenge with his single arm the disobedience of his subjects. In the agony of his mind he flew to one of the windows of the palace, on that side where the multitude were assembled, and demanded, in incoherent expressions, the reason of the mutiny. The rebels were struck dumb at the sight of their monarch, and let fall their weapons. But the usuper now beheld his rival encouraging them to proceed, and resume

their arms. Unable to endure perfidy in another who was only adopting those measures which had enthroned their guilty Usbek, he once more rushed towards the gate and commanded it to be opened. He was obeyed, and instantly laid two of the conspirators dead at his feet. But now sudden darkness obscured the sun, the air thundered, and a voice thus issued from the bursting clouds: "Hear, all ye nations, the decrees of the Most High! know your weakness, and adore in silence that Power who governs all things by his will. Shall mortality prescribe laws to Omnipotence? Shall the reptile of the dust aspire to the government of the universe? Shall the children of infirmity ascend the heights of ambition; and shall they not feel the storm that rages at the summit? Shall man aspire to rule without control? and shall he escape the vengeance due to his rashness and folly? Though heaven protect the innocent from wrong, and reward the fidelity of the virtuous, shall he gratify the arrogance of impiety and presumption? Know then, that vice and usurpation are no longer permitted to exist, when they become ineffectual to forward the designs of Providence. Listen to the admonitions of superior wisdom, and wait the event without murmur or complaint." Whilst the genius thus spake, the attention of the multitude was suspended in silence, like the calm ocean after the violence of a storm. When he had ended, the clouds disappeared, and the glorious orb of day shone forth in all the majesty of light. Usbek and the rebel chief now appeared lifeless on the ground, stabbed by an unknown hand. The multitude were proceeding to treat with ignominy the corpse of him whose very shadow made them tremble when alive, but another object demanded their attention.

A stranger appeared in a chariot, at a distance, and Roxana by his side. They approached; and the stranger rising from his seat, thus gratified the curiosity of the crowd: "That Being who animates all nature with his presence, let all the nations of the world adore! Ye behold before you Aluzar, the descendant of the mighty Abbas, at the foot of whose throne the kingdoms of the East paid homage. When the angel of death visited my father, by the hand of Usbek, I fled from the violence of the usurper, and concealed myself in impenetrable solitudes. There, the disciple of meditation, I gave myself up to the duties of devotion, and learned to estimate this life by the hope of immortality. One morning, ere the sun had exhaled the dews of heaven, as I walked out to gather the scanty provision which the desert affords, I perceived the prints of human feet on the grass. I had not proceeded far before I beheld the beauteous Roxana, whom my father had destined as the consort

of my bed. By her I was informed that she had been preserved by a superior power from violence; that he had transported her to that desert, and bade her wait with resignation the disposal of heaven. The same friendly power has punished the usurper, and led us hitherto to claim the throne of our ancestors." The son of Abbas was going to proceed in his narrative, but was interrupted by reiterated shouts of wonder and applause, and he was proclaimed sovereign of the East by the united voice of the multitude.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

ANECDOTE OF KING GEORGE III.—It is known that the king, after the close of the American revolutionary war, ordered a thanksgiving to be kept through the kingdom. A noble Scotch divine, in the presence of his majesty, inquired, 'For what are we to give thanks?—that your majesty has lost thirteen of his best provinces?' The king answered, 'No!' 'Is it, then (the divine added), that your majesty has lost 100,000 lives of your subjects in the contest?' 'No, no!' said the king. 'Is it, then, that we have expended and lost a hundred millions of money, and for the defeat and tarnishing of your majesty's arms?'—'No such thing!' said the king pleasantly. 'What, then, is the object of the thanksgiving?' *Oh, to give thanks that it is no worse.'*

INGENUITY OF A CHINESE TAILOR.—"A clergyman of Lord Macartney's embassy, whose cassock was so extremely patched and darned that he could no longer wear it with decency, having applied to a tailor in Canton for a new one, perceived shortly afterwards the new cassock with every darn and patch so accurately true to the old pattern, that nothing but the greater strength of the new cloth could determine the one from the other; the tailor having unluckily conceived that the darns and patches were so many emblems of the clergyman's profession." This anecdote is given by Barrow as an illustration of the excellent imitative powers and ingenuity of the Chinese.

Mr. Clubbe, the author of an ingenious work on Physiognomy, was remarkable for his lively turn of mind and easy temper. The evening before his death his physician and intimate friend Dr. Frost, of Hadleigh, feeling his pulse with much gravity, and ob-

serving that it beat more *even* than upon his last visit, "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will *tell you* what it beats—it beats *the dead march*."

A FREE MONARCHY.—In the work of James the First, entitled True Law of Free Monarchies, it is laid down that a free monarchy is one in which the monarch is perfectly free to do as he pleases.

GRUMBLERS.—Mr. Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, was a worthy man, but indulged himself too much in a querulous strain when any thing went amiss; insomuch that he said if he had been brought up a hatter, he believed people would have been born without heads. A farmer once gave him a humorous reproof for this kind of distrust of heaven: he stepped up very respectfully, and asked him when he meant to open his gardens; Mr. Tyers replied, the next Monday fortnight. Tyers asked him, in return, what made him anxious to know? "Why, Sir," said the farmer, "I think of sowing my turnips on that day, for you know *we shall be sure to have rain*."

CHARLES BANNISTER AND THE COOK.—The facetious Charles Bannister being once a little in embarrassed circumstances, turned coal-merchant to add to his revenue; and being a very generous man, he went about at Christmas to give the cooks of the different taverns he served what is commonly called a "Christmas box." The master of one of them being in the kitchen with him, Charles gave the cook a crown, "No, no!" says the host, "that's too much."—"Pshaw!" replied the former, "Don't you see that she's grate-full."

There is, in the church of Walton on Thames, a curious instrument, presented to the parish, about a century and a half ago, by a person of some consequence at that time, whose name was Chester. It was intended to be worn as a punishment by the fair sex, who had been guilty of defamation. It is of a singular construction, and, when fixed, one part enters the mouth, which prevents the possibility of articulation. It bears this very poetic inscription:

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle.
To curb women's tongues that talk idle."

Its presentation arose from the circumstance of the individual whose name it bears losing a valuable estate through the instrumentality of a gossiping lying woman.

"I came straight from London, said a crooked little lady in answer to a question put to her. "Did you," said a Cambridge wag, "Then you must have been confoundedly warped by the way."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

CADIZ IN 1823.

THE following animated description of Cadiz, is from a work just published in London, entitled "Notes of the War in Spain," &c. by Thomas Steele Esq:—

Cadiz stands at the extremity of the Isla Gaditana; the fortifications are of immense strength, and the town itself is of incomparable beauty. The houses are white, and the streets are narrow, and there are verandas and balconies outside the latticed casements of every story. These balconies are filled with a luscious profusion of flowers and evergreens, vines, orange-trees, and jasmines, creepers, climbers, and runners, which form festoons, and bowers, and airy canopies, and odorous masses of drooping foliage, in glowing and voluptuous richness and beauty. As many of the house-tops have vines on the terraces, and flowers on the parapets, the closeness of the streets produces an effect like enchantment upon the scenery; for they look like an assemblage of magic bowers, flung together, and piled on each other in exhaustless variety. On the slope of a hill near the Puerta de Tierra, stands the gloomy and massive ruin of the ancient castle, said to have been built by the Phœnicians. The walk along the ramparts by the sea affords some noble views of the town itself on the one side, and on the other of the country beyond the harbour; from Rota to the mountains of Ronda in Andalusia. Rota is the extreme point of the land, and as the eye ranges along, in succession are seen Porta Maria, the Arenilla Puerto Real, the Trochadero, the country towards Chiclana, and the Sierra of Andalusia.

On many of the house-tops, from among airy gardens and pavilions, spring light and beautiful octagon turrets, with silken banners, which afford a view of the expanse of the sea on one side, and on the other of the harbour, the Island of Matagorda, the country all along from La Rota to Santi Petri, and in the distance the ridge of the mountains of Ronda. Where any of the streets of Cadiz open to the sea, the views through these flowery vistas, of the ramparts with their cannon, the water, and ships passing under sail, are beautiful beyond expression. In some places, small baskets with flowers and packets are seen above, moving on cords from one side of the street to the other; a delightful communication between the houses of friends; and, minute as is the circumstance, it gives an exquisite finish to the character of the scenery.

The square of the "Plaza di Constitucion" and the Alameda are planted with rows of trees; olives and cypress are in some places seen above the walls of the gardens.

In the streets the ladies dress in black, from the satin "Mantilla," which enwreathes their heads, to the lowest part of their draperies, with the exception of their stockings and shoes, for in these they seem to study almost a fantastic variety. They never go abroad without their fans; their walk and deportment are exquisitely graceful, and the voluptuous dances of Cadiz have been celebrated for ages.

The scene which presents itself to a spectator in one of the balconies, is one which it would be almost impossible to equal in romantic fascination: in the streets below, ladies, plumed warriors on their steeds, Moors in the magnificent unfoldings of their draperies, the same piece that covers the head falling in a gathering or duplicature upon the shoulders, and then descending in a flowing robe; Turks, bearded Jews, ecclesiastical processions bearing the cross and the host, with incense and with chanting; peasants, merchants from the Levant, foreign mariners, wandering minstrels, Greeks, heralds from the enemy; Spanish messengers posting on light Barbary horses, Algerine corsairs, and mountaineers who have been fighting among the passes of the Sierras; Castilian chivalry marching from their encampment on the Isla, under floating banners and with martial music, kettle-drums and atambours, and trumpets and clarions, and clash of cymbals. You hear the vesper bells of the convents, and the dirge for the dead; you observe half hidden, under their cowls, the palid visages of monks, who perhaps are meditating with joy the restoration of the inquisition. Over the porches of many of the houses, carved in the stone, are crested casques, and the blazonry of the heralds on escutcheons.

Such are the objects that may be seen below, and the scene around is not less romantic. You hear songs and music, the dulcet intonation of female voices, the sound of flutes, guitars, and harps, from apartments which are seen through bowers of roses and orange trees, and woodbines and jasmines, and lofty canopies, and dazzling flowers of every hue and shade, and tint and tinge, that glows in the lustre of a southern sun. Embowered in some of the fragrant balconies around and above, are ladies, not dressed in black, as in the streets, but in costume as varied as the hues of the rainbow; some in conversation, some smiling with their friends, and others reclining reading, or in meditation and repose. On the house-top terraces, among the vines and flowery parapets, and on the airy turrets, are

seen figures diminished by remoteness, which seem to view the distant mountains, the expanse of the sea, and the pure azure of the sky.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. *BROOKS.*

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

THE following anecdote of *Mr. Jones*, the celebrated comedian, is told in "the Biography of the British Stage," a new work recently published in London:

During one of the provincial excursions of *Mr. Jones* in the south of Ireland, at the time of the rebellion, the theatre in which they were then acting had the misfortune to take fire, and a few moments beheld it a heap of ashes. Limerick, which was the most adjacent town, was immediately resolved on to be honoured in being the next head-quarters of these wandering sons of Thespis; and all their stage paraphernalia and moveables, consisting of poison bowls, broken daggers, dislocated spears, and a score or two of rapiers, that had shone for centuries in the mimic fields of Bosworth and Dunsinane, were, with sundry other *conglomerations*, packed in a cart, and sent forward under the escort of some of the most trust-worthy of the *corps*. They proceeded with great safety till they came within a few miles of Limerick, which city "met their seeking eyes," as gray dawn began to overspread the horizon, or, as one less metaphorical would say, as the sun pulled off his nightcap to begin the morning's business. At this tumultuous period, the myrmidons of the executive government were on the alert in all directions, to apprehend suspicious characters, or "peep o'day boys," as they were termed; and a numerous host was sprinkled about the southern districts of this unhappy isle: a party then lay in ambush on the road our heroes were approaching; and, as the cart crawled lazily up the summit of a hill, it was surrounded by "as gallant a set as ever cried *stand* to a traveller." The pale-faced, wo-begone votaries of the drama, were somewhat alarmed at this stoppage of their career, and after rubbing their oglers, which posheen and the coolness of the night had kept awake till that eventful minute, they civilly "begged lave to ax the jontlemen what was the matter?" "It is what's the matter, you'd be after knowing?" said a voice, in the true Munster dialect, "by *de* powers, we'll satisfy every mother's son of you; sure we're the king's representatives, honey, and we want to sarch the cart." After this declaration, the unhappy

Mummers thought it best to state who and what they were; and to assure their new friends, that the only *murders* they ever perpetrated were on the stage, and all the *living creatures* they ever *mangled* were some of Shakspeare's characters. But all would not do; the officers of justice knew better, and swore by St. Patrick's great toe, and might the next noggin of whiskey be their poison, but they were desperate, blood-thirsty, ill-looking bog-trotters, and proceeded to search the cart. When they had removed the covering, which was a *canvass sea*, in which fowls had hatched for some months past, and proceeded a little further, and beheld a dozen or two of daggers and swords of all chronologies, from the time of Alcibiades to Tom Thumb the Great, a whililoo was raised, sufficient to shake one of the hugest Kerry mountains from its base; and the poor spalpeens of players were marched in triumph into Limerick, and lodged in custody of the nearest magistrate, who being an Orangeman, that saw a pike in the frizzle of every whisker that was brought before him, determined, very sagaciously, to detain them in close confinement until the matter was submitted to the lord lieutenant; when, to their great joy, an order was immediately transmitted to Limerick for their release.

"Liston's Dream," which we find in the same work, will be highly relished by those who have seen this comical son of Thespis:—

As Liston lay wrapt in delicious repose,
Most harmoniously playing a tune with his nose,
In a dream there appear'd the adorable Venus,
Who said, "to be sure, there's no likeness between us;
Yet, to show a celestial to kindness so prone is,
Your looks shall soon rival the handsome Adonis."
Liston woke in a fright, and cried, "Heaven preserve me!
If my face you improve, zounds! madam, you'll starve me!"

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

HAWKINS' STEAM ENGINE.

THIS is the age of improvement, invention, and humbug. We were invited, a few days since, to examine a steam engine, invented, as was said, by a *blind* man. We soon found he was not so blind as those who have recommended the machine to public patronage. We will state some of the known principles which govern, and are infallible, as applicable to steam power.

1st. A given quantity of fuel, in combus-

tion, can give out only a given quantity of heat.

2d. That heat, applied to a given quantity of water, can produce only a given quantity of steam.

3d. That steam can exert only a given force on the piston of an engine; and this force is the power or agent which propels, or carries all the machinery attached to the piston.

Hence the necessity of constructing large engines, acting on large bodies of water, to produce, by their great consumption of fuel, sufficient steam to overcome the resistance which that water offers to burdensome boats; or to drive heavy machinery for manufacturing purposes.

We admit that Hawkins' machine, which is improperly called "an engine *without* a boiler," may give power sufficient to carry a smoke-jack for roasting a leg of mutton, or a round of beef; but we deny that it can be applied to any useful purpose beyond a force exerted by two men in a boat, or at a crank having a three feet lever.

So far from its being an "engine without a boiler," it has a boiler of the most dangerous kind, for if an attempt is made to work it at a high temperature, the water injected into the boiler, falsely called a "generator," is decomposed; the oxygen of the water combines with the iron, thus destroying its tenacity and strength; and if the safety valves are lightly loaded, the hydrogen escapes, or causes an explosion as destructive as that of the *Ætna*.

But we were told that several small "generators" will be used, and that these will not be allowed to become red hot. Where, then, will be the advantage of having a nest of boilers, containing 1000 gallons of water, producing 20,000 gallons, or more, of steam, over an engine with one boiler holding the same quantity of water, and producing the same quantity of steam? Will there be any economy of space, of water, or of fuel? Or will it not be the reverse?

It is well known, that the more fuel is concentrated and the more heat is directly applied to the boiler, the greater is the saving, for there is not that opportunity for the heat to radiate and escape. One of the greatest difficulties engineers have to contend with, is the loss of heat, by the surface

to be heated being too extended. Who will pretend to say that twenty, or more of these "generators," of 8 to 12 inches diameter, and 6 or 10 feet long, will not present a much wider surface, and require much more fuel to heat them, than *one* boiler, which will contain as great a quantity of water as they do? Where then is the safety or economy of the machine in question?

We are informed by a scientific gentleman, on whose judgment we place the utmost reliance, and who was recently in England, and saw two of Mr. Perkins' improvements, or high pressure steam engines, (one of them at work, and the other taken to pieces,) that the machine of Hawkins' has all the defects, and several more, of Perkins', but none of its advantages. He is also of opinion, that neither of them can give a force equal to a fifteen-horse-power engine. That belonging to Hawkins' may do to hull barley, grind mustard, or jalap, and to humbug those who are ignorant of the subject; but farther than this, he considers it totally unfit for any permanent useful purpose.

MINUTES OF
CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S,

No. V.

MORE masses of native iron are reported by Mr. Samuel R. Ruddock, to exist in North America. They are in the province of Copiula, bordering upon Texas; and in the neighbourhood of the spot where the large lamp was found which is now in the cabinet of the Lyceum at New-York, and which has been particularly described in the *Mineralogical Journal*, p. 124, and in the *Medical Repository*, Vol. XV. p. 83, and Vol. XVI. p. 424. The remaining ones are two in number, and lie on an extensive plain, at the foot of the mountains of Saint Saba. On this wide level there are no stratified rocks, nor indeed rocks of any kind, except some scattered fragments of sand-stone. The vegetable growth is various, and among other trees are oak, hickory, blackberry, and thorn. The largest of these remaining masses is judged to be at least one-third greater than that now at New-York; and the smallest, smaller in about the same proportion; so that the one we now possess, and

which was brought away over swamps, across streams, and down rivers with huge labour and expense to the undertakers, is of a middle size between the three. Those yet undisturbed are about two miles apart. Their position is by estimation seventy miles NNE. from the Rio Grande or Bravo, and one hundred and seventy miles from the nearest branch of the *Brassos*, or *Brassos de Dios*. It is very remarkable that so many enormous pieces of this native metal, conjectured at this advanced age of science, to be meteoric, should have been deposited within such a short distance of each other.

The collection of seeds just arrived from General Wilkinson in Mexico, were displayed and examined. They consisted chiefly of the useful species for the kitchen garden, that had grown upon the high-table land of New Spain. Among them were various kinds of beans, the chick-pea, pumpkin, melon, lentil, beet, parsnip, carrot, tomato, parsley, lettuce, cabbage, onion, turnip, mustard, and artichoke. There were six curious varieties of maize, or Indian corn, remarkable for the narrowness and length of the grains, as well as their blueness, whiteness, redness, and semi-transparency. The kernels from a round red plum of a very high flavour, and from a large blue plum of a delicious taste, seemed like the rest, to be in good condition. Among the rest were a few parcels of the seeds procured from the tropical fruits, such as the *arboreous tapote*, yielding exquisite produce; the *Chirimolla*, another tree yielding a pulp that is universally admired; the *avocatè*, having a distant resemblance externally to the fig; and the *mammæa*, whose seed wears very much the aspect of a crustaceous animal. It was determined that these contributions should be forwarded to the Horticultural Society, whose practical members would be best capacitated to make the necessary trials of their usefulness, and accordingly Messrs. Floy and Wilson, as a committee, came and received them for culture and distribution. An ear of *purplish maize*, with imbricated and acuminate grains, from the castle of Montezuma, was greatly admired.

Major J. Powell produced his manuscript map of the country, situated between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

The region is watered by the great rivers Atrato and Saint Juan, the former emptying into the gulf of Darien, and the latter into the western waves without a bay or harbour. A steam boat or other vessel can carry eight feet of water over the bar, where the Atrato, after running four hundred miles from the city of Quibo, disembogues near Delta island. Up to this place there are few and inconsiderable impediments. Beyond it, the course is along the noble branch called the Quito; which, with moderate and inconsiderable lockage, will be navigable almost to its source.

From one of its three main sources there will be a passage by land; according to the judgment of engineers, not less than three nor more than twenty miles, to be traversed by a canal, across a tract nearly level, and easy to dig or excavate.

The boat then enters the river Saint Juan, and has good water all the way to its mouth. But as this is an open road, and ships and boats with their cargoes will be exposed to waves and storms, it is proposed to pass up a branch of the St. Juan, and go by a short cut across to the bay of Bonaventura, one of the most safe and capacious that can be desired, where vessels can be sheltered from the winds, and have the most convenient anchorage.

Between the waters of the Quito and the Juan, there is an occasional passage for boats by the natural swell of the floods. One route is called the *Tamblo de San Pablo*; and another Ithmo de San Pablo. The digging across is represented as a work of easy execution and of moderate expense. In case it shall be found expedient to quit the river St. Juan, the branch to be ascended is the river Calima, whose head waters arise but a short distance from those of the river Cascajal, pouring into the bay of the same name at Bonaventura. It was stated by Major Powell that there was no serious impediment to be overcome in pursuing this course. The only reason assigned for adopting it, was the greater security afforded to ships and cargoes, to boats and crews, to men and things in the harbour of *Bonaventure*, than in that of the *Carambira* at the mouth of the St. Juan.

It was found on producing and examining the MS. map of *W. E. Coutin*, delineated in 1821, (extant in Dr. M.'s portfolio,) that

the disembovement of the San Juan was represented as affording anchorage. The necessity of a transfer to Bonaventura was questioned. It was, after all, left to the geometrical surveyors, the calculating engineers, and the accommodating advisers, to direct the way. The company smiled and said, the disclosure brought Buffalo and Black Rock to mind.

Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.

FOSSIL SHELLS.—Mr. Dillwyn of the Royal Society remarks, that every turbinated univalve of the older beds, from transition lime to the lias, of which he can find any record, belongs to the herbivorous genera, and that the family has been handed down through all the successive strata, and still inhabits our land and waters. On the other hand, all the carnivorous genera abound in the strata above the chalk, but are, comparatively, extremely rare in the secondary strata, and not a single shell has been detected in any lower bed than the lower oolite. He thinks, that a further examination will prove, that neither the aporhaides, nor any of those few undoubtedly carnivorous species, which have been found in the secondary formations, were furnished with predaceous powers, but that they belong to a subdivision of the trachelipoda zoophaga, which feed only on dead animals.

SCOTCH ANTIQUARIES.—The Society of Scottish Antiquaries lately heard two very interesting original historical documents read by Mr. Macdonald. One was an order signed "Huntly," for the disbursement of £40 for perfuming (or embalming) the body of Henry Darnley; the other was an order for providing suitable mourning for the queen, and was signed by her own fair hand. Copies of these very curious documents were left with the society.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Redwood; a Tale in two volumes. New-York. Bliss and White. 1824.

In a very excellent preface the author of *Redwood* explains the design of the work. It is one highly honourable, and ought ever to be that of all novel writers, although too many of them seem never to have even thought of it. The object of this tale is to further the great and eternal interests of virtue, and the attempt is fully successful.

It draws the lines of purity and piety with beautiful touches, and it depicts the harsh features of vice, the smooth visage of hypocrisy, and the brutal face of moral degradation, with equal sternness and truth. A great recommendation of *Redwood* is its purity—it does not contain a thought that can offend the delicate or delight the gross. This by itself is no trifling credit to the author, but when to this is superadded a faithful and spirited delineation of human character, a just and liberal view of religion, and a style both polished and appropriate, the writer has a claim to respect which can neither be overlooked nor gainsayed. These are general remarks, generally applied. We do not mean that there are no errors in style, and in delineation—there are both, but they are "few and far between," and not worth throwing in the scale opposite to the merits: nor shall we point them out, we prefer noticing their antipodes.

Criticism has two roads—one, smooth, beautiful, and inviting, sparkled with fresh fountains and enamelled with fair flowers, like the path that traversed the Elysian meadow—the other, rough, angular, and forbidding, matted with weeds and spotted with the "green mantle of the standing pool," like that which led to the "Vestibulum primis in faucibus orci." We deem that all persons are at liberty to exercise the republican privilege of choosing which road they please for their travels, and we prefer the former. It is a very easy matter to find fault, the appetite of a harpy can always find food enough of this kind to bar the danger of starvation; but it is at best a disagreeable occupation, and seldom serves any good purpose from the injudicious and exaggerated manner in which censure is applied. On the contrary, praise, when justly merited, is in a high degree gratifying both to the bestower and the receiver. On this principle we have generally neglected noticing in our paper many works which well merited the lash of scorn, and have confined our remarks to those of which we could speak in commendation. Not that we imagine our praise or our censure of much moment to any except ourselves, but because we do not wish to increase the disgust excited by a stupid or immoral work by the intolerable trouble of analyzing its

bad qualities—it is about as comfortable as going into a wilderness and plucking weeds all day.

We return to Redwood, and here we are travelling on the pleasant path. To write a preface to a novel is generally labour lost, for not one in ten readers will peruse it. They appear to consider it as a long and unwieldy vestibule before a building which they long to enter—every step adds to their impatience. A merchant who should locate his store in a third story and have an ascent of one or two hundred steps for his customers to mount, would very soon, if we mistake not, have the pleasure of applying for the benefit of the act. Luckily for the novel-writer, his customers can avoid the labour, pass over the *prolegomena* in one bound and enter immediately upon the examination of his wares. In the present instance however we would recommend the opposite course. The preface of Redwood deserves attention for two qualities—the intellect it displays and the light it throws upon the aim and tendency of the main work. We shall attempt a brief notice of its principal characters.

Henry Redwood is introduced to the reader in the first chapter. We discover almost immediately that his character bears a stamp different from that impressed on ordinary men. We see that his mind is of the reflecting and thoughtful cast, that he looks upon nature with the sad and subdued eye of melancholy, and that all his associations of thought are framed in the mould of sorrow. Such characters are not very common, but we sometimes cross them in the busy and mercenary throng of mankind. Occasionally we meet with men whose history is engraved by time in the perishable tablet of the countenance. We peruse the deep lines of care on the forehead, the evidence of wasted passions in the eye, and the traces of disappointment and pain on the lip, with such still feelings of respect as when we read the inscriptions on a monument. The character of Redwood is perfectly natural, and has its counterpart (we mean generally) in many an actual being. The truth that our minds are moulded into character by circumstance instead of receiving an original and unalterable stamp from nature, is strongly illustrated in his story. Nature gave him capacities that

might have answered the highest and holiest purposes, talent, honour, feeling, and virtue—yet a combination of circumstances turns all these rich blossoms into ashes. The first great tempter that entices his mind, is pride—not that high and noble feeling arising from the consciousness of genius and worth, but that misguided spirit which plumes itself on an imaginary exaltation above the prejudices and credulities of men at large.

Were it not for the insufferable disgust excited by such bantam self-sufficiency, the peacock strut and asinine gravity of those men, who know more than all the rest of the world, would afford endless scope for amusement and ridicule. Redwood is taught in the days of his youth to discredit all the doctrines of truth, to look upon virtue either as the folly of the superstitious or the hypocrisy of the artful, to consider goodness a dream, and piety a phantasy. He is induced to all this by the arguments of a college friend, who saps his principles by flattering his vanity, and who dignifies his unfeeling scepticism with the name of philosophy. Thus the deluded young man for the gratification of rising above renewed *prejudices*, as he terms them, foregoes all the noble ardour of virtue, and paves the way for the long line of evils that afterwards crowded darkly around him. Soon after his mind becomes enlightened, in his *own* opinion, he commits a crime from which the principles of the faith he had forsaken would have effectually guarded him. He heaps misery upon the head of a trusting, pure, and virtuous being, who wastes away in brokenness of heart, and leaves him to contemplate his first great work under the guidance of his new principles. Then comes his retribution. The relentless furies pursue him with their torches, remorse harrows up his heart, and easy as he found it to escape from his bigotry, he finds that there is one principle from which he cannot escape—conscience. Years roll over his head, and each as it wanes, leaves him a pensive and melancholy man, with no satisfaction in the past, no joy in the present, and no hope in the future. He is, in the course of events, thrown into a sphere of society where he has an opportunity of observing the influence of true and unassuming piety upon the happiness of the heart, in its severest trials.

He discovers to his surprise and mortification, that the faith he despises affords its followers a consolation in sufferings, which his proud philosophy denies to him. He is induced to reflect upon the truth. Can the faith which gives patience to affliction and humility to prosperity, which overturns selfishness and subverts envy, which sheds a nobility upon the character of the peasant; can this faith be a chimera, a fantasy of superstition? Circumstances combine to aid the efforts of his better genius, in shaking off the chains forged by early vanity and pride; and an humble and meek girl becomes the instrument in changing the moral character of a high, self-willed, and sceptical man. Peace follows the change; the iron girdle of remorse is unclasped from his bosom, and the fever of despair is driven from his brain. An eve of moonlight succeeds his stormy and sunless day, and the repentant man can again raise his eyes in confidence to heaven.

We have dwelt at so much length upon the character of Redwood, that we must omit the gentle and lovely Ellen, the fragile and tremulous Emily, the heartless and base-minded Caroline, the fascinating Grace Campbell, the fine enthusiast Susan Allen, and the incomparable Miss Deborah, whose character throughout is sustained with admirable tact. In portraying female character, our authoress is admirably successful, far more than any American novelist that has as yet entered the lists.

Our readers will find a faithful and spirited delineation of the society of Shakers in this work, drawn liberally and dispassionately. We have purposely avoided giving any sketch of the tale, or throwing any light upon its incidents, which are many and highly exciting, because we do not wish to dull the appetite of those of our readers who, as yet, may not have perused the volumes. With this explanation, we take our leave of Redwood. J. G. B.

History of the Revolution and Wars of the Republic of Colombia.

We take pleasure in furnishing our readers with the following translation from the Spanish, being chapter 6th of an unpublished work bearing the above title, by General H. L. Villahme Ducoudray Holstein. He is now a resident of this city, and, as our rea-

ders are well aware, was one of Napoleon's Major Generals previous to his embarking his talents, courage, and fortune in the South American cause. We are happy to announce his intention of publishing the work entire.

There now remains for me the very painful task of recording a series of cold-blooded cruelties, at once afflicting to humanity and disgraceful to the perpetrator. The entire course of this civil war was characterised by a renewal of all that the venerable Bishop of Chiapa, Bernardo de las Casas, has told us of the cruelties of Cortes, Alvarado, Almagro, Pizarro, Velasques, or Davila. The savage ferocity exhibited by the Spaniards in the 16th and 17th centuries, was now again displayed, marked by additional refinements of inhumanity, and is no way diminished by the progress of the sciences, the advance of civilization, or the mitigated system of warfare adopted during the three last centuries.

The European Spaniards have in all cases exceeded the Americans in every description of barbarity. History shows us that the Spaniards from the earliest age, have been distinguished for inhuman and systematic revenge, for obstinacy, perfidy, and cold-blooded cruelty. Among innumerable instances, Theodosius *the Great*, (as he was called) born at Carica in Galicia, (Spain) punished the revolt of the inhabitants of Thessalonica, the capital of Macedonia, by an act of the most signal inhumanity. He found it impossible to quell the disturbance without the solemn promise of a general amnesty, which he accordingly published. But provoked and enraged at the conduct of the revolt, he secretly resolved to revenge himself. He concealed his intention for six months, at the expiration of which period, he invited all the inhabitants of Thessalonica to a public festival. In the midst of the rejoicings, the soldiers were ordered to fall upon the unarmed and defenceless crowd—and Theodosius gazed, without a single emotion of pity, on the massacre of upwards of fifteen thousand of these unfortunate wretches. The Triumviri were satisfied when the wives and daughters of the proscribed felt the severity of their vengeance, while nothing short of the indiscriminate assassination of men, women, and infant children, could appease the rage of this blood-thirsty Spaniard.

On the discovery of the Americas, in the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic, the inquisition, that tremendous instrument of royal tyranny, was immediately established. It consisted exclusively of Spaniards, who in the name of the God of Mercy, proceeded without delay to put to death countless numbers of miserable victims. Every body is acquainted with the infamous manner in

which Ferdinand treated Alphonso and his unfortunate daughter Juana, and the unexampled perfidy with which he violated his treaties with Boabdil, king of the Moors of Grenada. In 1492, 160,000 Moorish families were banished from Spain, and but six months allowed them to dispose of all their property, which they were thus compelled to sell at enormous sacrifices, being prohibited under pain of death from carrying away with them either gold, silver, or precious stones. Some time after, Philip III. compelled from his dominions 900,000 Moors, all descendants of those who had been included in the original capitulation; an act of short-sighted policy, which terminated in the depopulation and ruin of Spain.

It was thus that the kings of Spain violated their most sacred engagements; it was thus that Philip II. in 1573 broke the very terms of capitulation at the surrender of Haerlem, which he himself had solemnly sanctioned; it was thus that this same tyrant permitted the Duke of Alba in Portugal, and the Netherlands, to mark the progress of his arms by crimes and massacres and oceans of blood. What was the conduct of the prince of peace, as he was pompously styled, the infamous Godoy, in the reign of Charles IV.? How did that object of Spanish adoration, Ferdinand VII. treat the Regency and the Cortes in 1814? And what are the acts of his present administration?

If the kings of Spain were guilty of these enormities, what might not be expected of their representatives in the Colonies? The little volume of Las Casas has been extensively circulated and translated into most of the languages of Europe, but the facts we are now about to mention are not as generally known as they deserve to be. Supported by testimony that we shall shortly exhibit, we venture to assert that the Spanish government has in all its transactions with the colonists of both the Indies, disregarded alike laws, treaties, promises, and pledges, made sacred by every circumstance of solemnity. In the seventh and eighth chapters, we shall abundantly convince our readers that it is to the love of domination and breach of treaties, for which the king, the Juntas, the Regencies, and the Cortes have been notorious, that we are to attribute throughout the entire territory of these extensive colonies, the continuance of a war which might easily have been terminated by acts of moderation, justice, and good faith.

Instead of this, what has uniformly been the conduct of the Spanish government in the Americas, from the first day of their discovery? They butchered without mercy upwards of 16,000,000 of the original inhabitants; prohibited under the severest penalties their replacement by the whites; converted into deserts cities, towns, and vil-

lages once flourishing and populous; abandoned the soil to absolute waste and ruin; oppressed and plundered those whom their swords had spared; and, finally, to minister to their insatiable thirst for gold and silver, they brought in the unfortunate Africans, sold to hopeless captivity and slavery, who by intermixture with the whites and Indians, soon produced an endless diversity of blood, colour, and condition.

The archbishop and viceroy, Gongora, showed at Santa Fé de Bogotá, as little regard for his engagement as Monteverde at Caracas. We shall presently mention the conduct of Boves at Valencier, of Morillo at La Marguerité and Bogotá, and then speak of the cruelty of Antonanza, Zoasola, Rosette, Cervères, Morales, Puy, Yanes, and others.

On the 7th of March 1816, Morillo, then at Mompox, wrote a long letter to the king, in which he seriously urged the propriety and policy of an indiscriminate murder of all the Americans; a plan which had been adopted in the original conquest of the country. And he gravely adds, that unless his advice is followed all would be lost! He actually put into execution this horrible system in Carthagena, and Boca-chica, and afterwards at Santa Fé de Bogotá, when he violated the assurances which the feeble and pusillanimous Colonel Miguel de la Torre, had given in behalf of the king. At Barcelona, he broke without scruple the terms of capitulation, and gave orders for a general massacre of the Independents, without even sparing children at the breast. Foiled in his attempt in the island of Marguerité, he hung all the women and old men who fell into his hands. Such were the glorious achievements of the self-styled *Peacemaker* of the Spanish Main! His infamous satellites Enriles, Moxo, Urrestieta, Serveris, Puelles, &c. were worthy of their commander; and Miguel de la Torre, first in Costa Firme, and afterwards in Porto Rico, imprisoned or assassinated every stranger who protested against the arbitrary confiscation of his property!

We have no time nor disposition to extend this catalogue of horrors. We should have even passed them over in silence, if we had not been bound to record them; for they constitute the characteristic features of the war we have undertaken to describe. They will serve too, to show those enterprising Europeans who are desirous of taking an active part in the struggle between Spain and her colonies, the barbarity of the enemy they must expect to encounter. The greater part of the royalist generals were remarkable for their tyranny, insincerity, and refined and systematic cruelty; but they were all outdone by Boves and Morales, whose enormities either tolerated, en-

couraged, or commanded will never be effaced from the memory of the inhabitants of the Spanish Main. The weak and bigoted Monteverde, with less inhumanity than the rest, did infinitely more harm by his criminal condescension. Of this, the sequel of this history will furnish abundant testimony.

Monteverde had under his command in 1812 colonels Antonanza and José Zoasola, two ruffians, whom he permitted to indulge in their sanguinary propensities almost entirely without control. After the capitulation signed by Miranda and Monteverde at Victoria on the 26th of July, 1812, a large body of troops consisting entirely of independants, joined Monteverde, whose head quarters were then at Valencia. Forty of these men declared on the 30th July their desire to enter into the service of the king. Monteverde received them with every demonstration of welcome, and directed Col. Zoasola to escort them to Caracas, in order to protect them from insult on their way. They were entirely without arms, being designed to make part of the new corps then forming in that capitol. They had scarcely proceeded a few leagues, when Zoasola ordered them to halt, directed his troops to surround them, and drawing his sword, fell upon them with the fury of a madman; at the same time crying out to his soldiers, Cut the rebel dogs to pieces! In spite of their cries and entreaties they were all butchered, and the barbarian returned with the utmost tranquillity to Valencia. As it is several days march from that place to Caracas, Monteverde expressed his astonishment at his speedy return. "I found a way to shorten my journey," answered Zoasola smiling; and gave him to understand by significant gestures that he had assassinated those whom he had undertaken to protect. "Ah, very well, very well!" "Está muy bien, muy bien" was Monteverde's only reply.

This impunity encouraged Zoasola to proceed in his career. That same year, he entered the small town of Aragua, where he was received by the inhabitants with open arms. In return for their hospitality he ordered his troops to cut off the ears of all the men, women, and children they could lay their hands upon, and sent several chests full of them to Antonanza, then governor of Cumana, accompanied by a very pathetic letter, in which he entreated him to accept this present as a token of his attachment to the cause of his beloved sovereign Ferdinand VII. His conduct was greatly and generally applauded, and Antonanza sent a part of these trophies to Caracas, keeping the rest for himself. Many of the royalists, imitating the example, wore these ears on their hats instead of cockades!

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 13. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MIRNIVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*A new Tale of Temper.*
By Mrs. Opie.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Rio Janiero.*

THE DRAMA.—*Russian Dramatics.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Mr. John Murdoch.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's.—Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*A Summary View of America.*

THE GRACES.—*Calendar for July.—Roman Women.*

POETRY.—*To my Sister*, by "Ianthé;" and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Andes" is cold as the top of his namesake, the mountain range of Chili.—"Icillia," and "Mentor," are inadmissible.

"To the Moon," by C. T. R. is just received. We have not yet had time to peruse it.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The foundation of a public building, intended as an Asylum for the deaf and dumb, was lately laid at Philadelphia.

A single grain of rye sown near Baltimore, produced this season 99 full ears.

The harvest commenced in the vicinity of Petersburg, (Va.) on the 11th inst.

A large quantity of cotton is to be raised in Virginia this year, and it is proposed to attempt raising it next year in Maryland.

A Mr. Andrews of Vermont, has invented a machine which, it is said, will thrash out 50 or 60 bushels of rice per hour.

A substitute for the rudder of a ship has been invented by Capt. Watkins of Salem.

Chimneys constructed of iron instead of brick, are considered more elegant, and being made of separate pieces, more easily cleaned, and secure from fire.

MARRIED,

Mr. T. P. Ball to Miss A. Malcolm.
Mr. G. G. Scofield to Miss L. H. Bool.
Mr. J. Harriot to Miss M. Brower.
Mr. W. Hicks to Miss R. Taylor.
Mr. J. Dougherty to Miss Ann Barr.
Mr. S. Male to Miss C. A. Davis.
Mr. L. J. Belloni to Miss Ann Lang.
Mr. J. Finnerty to Miss M. Therviu.
Mr. J. Hurlbut to Miss M. C. Hattrick.
Dr. P. C. Wilbank to Miss E. Ten Eyck.

DIED,

Mr. W. B. Pollock, aged 38 years.
Guysbert B. Vroom, Esq.
Mrs. C. Wolfe, aged 66 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO FANCY.

SWEET Fancy! I have been thy favoured child
From earliest infancy, and thou wast wont
To show me thy bright imagery, ere yet
My young lips could frame language to describe
Thy fair but fleeting shadows.—Thou hast nursed
Those warm and ardent feelings Nature gave;
And though 'tis true that thou hast taught my heart
To heave the quickened pulse of deeper anguish
Than cold ones e'er can feel, yet thou hast given
Joys they can never know—I love to see
The setting sun resting his broad bright rim
Upon the golden wave, and lingering there
To bid the world farewell, and when he sinks,
To watch the thousand summer clouds he leaves
Of strange fantastic shapes and varied hues.
Soon they too fade, and then the harvest moon
Comes sailing through the vast expanse of blue;
Then is thine hour, bright Fancy! then is felt
Thy softest, sweetest influence o'er the heart.
Oh! when I gaze upon the unclouded sky,
Studded with gems of brilliancy, my soul
Forgets the lapse of time and doth recall
The phantasies so proud and beautiful
Of ancient times. The stars were then in truth
The poetry of heaven, and had high power
O'er mortal fate. 'Tis sad that those sweet dreams
Are now denied us—Oh! how much more bliss
Dwells in the legend of our infant years
Than in the sad reality we learn.

Many will call me weak—but I have gazed
Upon the fairy clouds, and pictured there
Familiar forms and faces, and have felt
That I could almost weep to see them fade;
So like a presage of the transient date
Of all my early joys—and there are times
(When that deep desolation fills the heart
Often some thrilling agony) a bud
Untimely blighted, or a withered leaf
May bring again the whelming sense of woe
That for a while had slumbered.—It is vain
To yield to these impressions, but what mind
Can quite forget the dreams of early youth?

I love to gaze upon the clouded sky,
When the fierce forked lightning flashes bright,
And the deep roar of Heaven's artillery
Sounds fearfully; and I can calmly view
The strife of elements, and fancy then
I hear the shouts of proud rebellious spirits,
Storming the towers and battlements of Heaven!

Oh what a depth of feeling lies within
The full, the o'erwrought breast in such an hour!
And this is thine own hour, sweet Fancy! this
Thy proudest, mightiest power. In the sweet calm
Of evening, thou dost come with whispers bland,
And all is gentleness; but when the storm
Is raging, thou dost speak in majesty,
And the proud heart is lifted to the Heavens,
And we can feel there yet is high communion
Between fallen man and pure angelic natures.

Oh! could the sceptic feel the thrilling power
Of chastened fancy at a time like this,
Surely the blush of shame would tinge his cheek.
Would not the deep emotions of his soul

Prove that high soul immortal? Can it be
That we can have such glimpses of a light
Not of this world, if we are ne'er to see
The fulness of its glory?—Can the man
Who feels the restless workings of a mind
Aspiring after knowledge, deem that here
To this low earth are limited his hopes?—
No! he must know that there will come a time
When all shall be unfolded—'tis a proud,
An elevating thought—Oh! who would doubt?

IANTHE.

THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

By Mr. Galt.

Sooth'd by the self-same ditty, see
The infant and the sire;
That smiling on the nurse's knee,
This weeping by the fire;
Where unobserved he finds a joy
To list its plaintive tone,
And silently his thoughts employ
On sorrows all his own.

At once it comes, by memory's power,
The loved habitual theme,
Reserved for twilight's darkling hour,
A voluntary dream;
And as, with thoughts of former years,
His weakly eyes o'erflow,
None wonder at an old man's tears,
Or seek his grief to know.

Think not he dotes because he weeps;
Conclusion, ah, how wrong!
Reason with grief joint empire keeps,
Indissolubly strong;
And oft in age a helpless pride
With jealous weakness pines,
To second infancy allied,
And every woe refines.

How busy now his teeming brain
Those murmuring lips declare;
Scenes never to return again
Are represented there.

* * * *

He ponders on his infant years,
When first his race began,
And, oh how wonderful appears
The destiny of man!
How swift those lovely hours were past,
In darkness closed how soon!
As if a winter's night o'ercast
The brightest summer's noon.

His wither'd hand he holds to view,
With nerves once firmly strung,
And scarcely can believe it true
That ever he was young.
And as he thinks o'er all his ills,
Disease, neglect, and scorn,
Strange pity of himself he feels
Thus aged and forlorn.

The following lines refer to one of the battles fought
in France during the war of the League.

MONCONTOUR.

Oh! weep for Moncontour, oh, weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power;
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God!

Oh! weep for Moncontour. Oh! weep for the slain
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain.
Oh! weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,
'To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed.
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be
laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids,
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;—
Our hearths we abandon;—our lands we resign;—
But Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

Yes time indeed has chang'd that face, since last it met
my gaze, [days;—
For there no longer can I trace the smiles of former
The laughing light of joy has flown, which on that cheek
did bloom; [tied gloom!
And o'er that once gay brow is thrown a deep and set-
Dim is the lustre of the eye that fired my early
dreams, [beams;
Cold and unmoved it passes by, nor turns on me its
'Tis sad to see the aspect strange, that reigns in every
part, [thy heart!
Yet saddest is to me the change, that's wrought within
Fain would returning Hope renew Affection's sever'd
chain: [snapp'd in twain?
But what can re-unite Love's clue, when once 'tis
Pity, indeed, may fill the breast, though Passion's
reign is o'er: [no more
But where Distrust has been a guest, Love will return!

From the Greek of Euripides.

THE CHORUS IN ORESTES.

Wo, wo is me!—all-hail, and hear,
Tremendous Goddesses! that spring
Aloft on indefatigable wing;
Ye ebon-visaged Furies! revelling
In orgies where, for Bacchus' cheer,
Deepens the groan, and drops the tear:
Who harrowing in your sweep th' expanded air
Wreak vengeance on the head
Of him whose hand with murder stains is red,
Accept, accept my prayer, my prayer!
Suffer Agamemnon's son
To lose his wandering rage, and be his penance done.
Ah for the sufferings thou hast known!
'They reach thee still, they press thee down:
Since from the tripod burst the yell
Of Phœbus' shrieking oracle,
As in the centre of the wood
'Thy feet upon the holiest pavement stood
Oh Jove! oh mercy! see
What struggles from that murder cleave to thee
And try with potent agony!
Some evil genius seem to brood
Above these roofs, and mingles tear on tear:
He sprinkles round thy mother's blood,

And this torments thee on thy living bier.
I mourn for thee I mourn for thee,
But thus the mightiest pride of state must be:
The Demon whirls aloft the sail,
While skims the bark before the gale,
Grief like a sea come rushing o'er,
And waves devouring dash the wreck upon the shore.

EPIGRAM.

A COURT AUDIENCE.

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the second,
But much too serious for a court,
Who all at preaching made a sport,
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God,
The doctor stopped; began to call,
'Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale;
My Lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing,
You snore so loud you'll wake the king!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Earnest. (*Ear Nest*)

PUZZLE II.—The word Shoe, the anagram of
which is Hose.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

In Protean forms I first imply
What all must do ere they can die;
Yet, metamorphos'd, I shall be
What all who are to die should flee,
Or, in my last disguise, behold
Their character correctly told.

II.

I saw three things together stand,
I felt them all with either hand,
I took up *two*, and had them chain'd,
And then I found there ten remain'd;
I then laid down the *two* again,
And found the whole was twenty-one,
Nor more nor less, and still but three,
Pray tell us Gents how this can be?

III.

By my first is oft crimson'd the cheek of the maid;
Of my second the young are extremely afraid;
My whole is a beautiful lamp of the night,
Which the setting of Phœbus displays to our
sight.

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